

Tom's Coffee House June 22. 1745.

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A NEW
Form of Prayers

F O R M

At Tom's Coffeehouse June 22. 1745

P R A Y E R,

AS USED

(Since the BATTLE of Fontenoy)

BY THE

BRITISH TROOPS

IN THE

Allied Army in *FLANDERS*.

Compos'd by

LAURENCE MACPHERSON,

Chaplain to the Highland Regiment.

Printed and Publish'd at the General Request of the Officers and
Gentlemen in the *British* Corps.

*Wisdom is better than Weapons of War: But one Sinner destroyeth
much Good.* **ECCLESIASTES.**

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LION, near St. Paul's. **MDCCLV.**

Laurence Macpherson

FOR
P. R. V. E. R.



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THE
LONDON
AND
WORLD
OF
THE
FUTURE

A NEW
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O Lord God of our Fathers *Henry, Cromwell, and Marlborough*, who taughtest the Admirals of *Elizabeth* to War, and the Generals of *Anna* to fight; who, in Times past, didst go forth with our Fleets and Armies, and gavest Victory, Glory, and Fame to the Arms of old *England*. Thou inspiredest the Counsels of our Forefathers with Wisdom, and Success attended their Measures; the Honour of the Nation was asserted and maintain'd, its Trade, and true Interest cultivated and protected, and the Name of an *Englishman* was respected and feared in every part of the Globe.

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The Britons were ever thy favourite People! Thou hast distinguished them above all the Nations of *Europe*: They were renowned for their Bravery, their Courage, their Magnanimity, and Generosity; their ardent Zeal for Liberty and Freedom, their eager Thirst after military Glory, (when only Honour and Justice drew them into the Field) and their constant Success in the Day of Battle; their Kings were Heroes, their Ministers were Patriots, and their Parliaments uninfluenced by any Thing but the Interest and Glory of the People, whose Laws and Liberties were committed to their Charge.

Thou hast hitherto preserved us from all our Enemies, both Foreign and Domestick; we are sensible of thy Almighty Protection, on many signal Occasions: Particularly, when our Fathers were brought to the very Brink of Misery and Slavery, by the tyrannical Designs and Proceedings of an arbitrary Popish Prince, then didst thou deliver them by the Hand of thy Servant *William*, of glorious Memory. And when it pleased thee to take him from us, thou gavest us a Princess virtuous and great as her immortal Predecessor! Then did thy People flourish in the Land, then was the Meridian of their Happiness; the Days of *Anna* were honourable Days; the Glory of her Name was establish'd upon the Necks of her Enemies, and the Happiness and Prosperity of her Subjects, on the Ruin of those who sought their Destruction.

THESE Blessings thou hast graciously continued to us, under the fatherly Superintendance of the House of *Hanover*. Thou hast filled the Heart of thy Servant *George*, our present glorious Protector, with the noblest Sentiments of *Heroism*. He only is the Guardian and Defender of the Liberties, Honours, and Territories of *Germany*, and *Great Britain*. And, since the Happiness of the one, is so justly connected with, and inseparable from the Happiness of the other, may all his laudible and heroic Designs be attended with still more Success, than what thou hast been yet pleased to grant him. And, notwithstanding the dreadful Blow which we, his Subjects and Soldiers, the Instruments of his Honour and Glory, have just



just received, may he be yet enabled by thy Assistance, to retrieve and support the Reputation of his A——ms. Then shall he be stiled the Righter of injur'd Innocence, the Champion and Defender of distressed Q——ns! the Queller of Pride, the Humbler of Haughtiness, the Scourge of *France*, the Terror of *Spain* and *Genoa*, and the Father of his People ——— of * * * * *

And, O thou immutable, merciful Being! As thou hast favoured his Reign with a Series of almost uninterrupted Prosperity, from his Accession to the Throne of his Father, to the present critical Juncture, so we beseech thee not to suffer his Laurels to be laid in the Dust at last. Permit not the Enemies of *Britannia* to triumph in the Spoils of her ravish'd Honours! Let not her Sons turn their Backs in the Day of Battle, nor her mighty Men fall by the Sword; suffer not her antient Renown, her unspotted Fame, to be sacrificed to *Frenchmen*, nor the Glories of her Monarch to the House of *Bourbon*. Let not the Tender, the rising Reputation, of our young Commander, the Royal *William*, be blasted in its early Growth; let not his Soldiers be disheartened at their late Defeat; give them Courage, and Strength to sustain the Misfortunes and Hardships inseparable from War; let them again face the Enemy; and let the Valour and Intrepidity of their Forefathers be with them; and finally, let the Victory be given to the fairest Cause, and the bravest Men.

May all our subordinate Commanders and Generals, be like the Prince their Captain. May we henceforth learn to depend only on thee and ourselves, for Success in our military Affairs. Let us not again run the Hazard of bringing Ruin on ourselves, by trusting to the feeble Aid of the * * * * *! Let the Misfortunes, in which they have involv'd their Friends and Allies (by their Stupidity, their Slothfulness, and their affected Circumspection,) light on themselves with redoubled Vengeance! May their Enemies fall on them in the Midst of their cautious Formality; let their Towns be taken, and their Cities be destroyed, while their unweildy St——es sit looking on, expecting to be courted and solicited to defend themselves! O thou that hatest Hypocrisy

Hypocrisy and Deceit, let the Folly and Cowardice of these ***** light only on their own Heads; let them be hated, and despised, and trampled on by all honest Men: Grant, we beseech thee, that P——c W———k and his Army may at least have Conduct enough to keep out of Harm's Way, in the next Encounter; and that we may never again pay so dear for being deceived, as when, by trusting to their Engagements, we lost the bravest of our Troops by the Cannon of *Fontenoy*.

GRANT also, O thou that rewardest all Men according to their Merits! That B———r In———sby may meet with such Treatment, at the Hands of his Superiors, as his notorious Behaviour in the late unhappy Action deserves; may all Poltroons and Traitors (if any such be among us) receive exemplary Punishment; and may every faithful honest Heart be well rewarded for his Fidelity and Bravery. And, whilst we are here hazarding our Lives, for the Safety, Honour, and Welfare of our Country, may the Admirals, and Captains, and all others belonging to the Marine, be no less Zealous, on their Parts, to vindicate the Honour of the *British* Flag: And, O thou sovereign Dispenser of Justice! We earnestly desire and beseech thee, that Courts-Martial may again be revived and establish'd on their ancient Foundation; and may the wholesome Severity of those military Tribunals, be no longer blunted, or warded off, by the Sophistry of artful V——ll——ns! Wretches who are so insensible of the Duty they owe their King and Country, as to squander and trifle away the Honour, Interest, Blood and Treasure of both, only to gratify their own sordid Passions, ridiculous Piques, or personal Resentments! Let not such despicable S——s be suffered to live, in Defiance of Law, Justice, and the united Sentiments of every well Wisser to his King and Country.

BE merciful O L—d to the sinful Kingdoms of *Great-Britain*! And grant that henceforth all those who have the Management of our Fleets and Ships of War, may at least be honest Men. Let not the whole Strength of thy People, which is intrusted in their Hands, be spent to no other Purpose, than to cast the whole Burthen of the War on the Land-Forces: An Absurdity which every Man of common Sense would be

be shocked to think of | The Blood of those brave Soldiers who lost their Lives before *Tournay*, cries aloud for Vengeance on *M...* and *L...*. Let not their heavy Heads, O *L...*, go down to the Grave in Peace: Had these Men done their Duty, and honestly improv'd those Advantages which thy Providence so plainly set before them, the united Fleets of our Enemies had been utterly ruin'd; and consequently we should have had a much weaker Enemy to encounter by Land. They could not then have besieged *Tournay* with so prodigious a Force, such an astonishing Train of Artillery, as must have cut off our whole Army, had not thy Mercy interposed, and rescued us from the Jaws of Death.

We return thee our hearty and unfeigned Thanks for the Preservation of his Royal Highness, our illustrious Commander. May he live to retrieve the Losses we have already sustained. May he yet prove the Scourge of Treachery and Ambition; may his Glory and Fame equal that of our antient Heroes, *Bedford*, *Talbot*, and *Lancaster*: And as thou hast been with his Father, the King, even so also be thou with *William* the Son of the King; and make his Name greater than the Name of *GEORGE* his Father. May his faithful Troops emulate the glorious Example of their Leader, And call to mind the Valour of their Forefathers, when the Son of *Edward*, the immortal Black Prince, led them up to the very Gates of *Paris*, and with a small Army, vanquished the whole Power of *France*, at the famous Battle of *Creffy*; and slew a King, the Brother of a King, twenty of the prime Nobility, besides twelve hundred Knights, with a prodigious, though uncertain Number of the common Soldiers; and their Prisoners were more in Number than their own Army; and also, under the same glorious Prince, at the Battle of *Maupertuis*, with only twelve thousand Men, they overcame the *French* King with sixty thousand; took him and his Son Prisoners; killed above fifty of the greatest Noblemen in the Kingdom, and eight hundred Gentlemen. Let these great Actions O *L...* be remembered in the Day of Battle; so shall the Name of *William* be equal in Glory to the Name of *Edward*; *Cumberland* shall rival the *Black Prince*, and the modern Britons sustain the mighty Reputation of their Ancestors; *Paris* shall tremble within her Walls,

Walter and Lewis, and all his Ministers, shall be seized with Fear and Astonishment. Maria shall reign over her Kingdoms in Tranquillity, and the Arms of George shall restore Peace and Liberty to the Northern and Western Worlds.

May the Courage and Intrepidity of the brave HIGHLANDERS, be a continual Terror to the Enemy, and a distinguished Example to their Fellow Soldiers. Preserve them, O Lord, from the Oppression and Tyranny of a Colonel like S—, and lend a favourable Ear to their Prayers and Wishes, and grant that henceforth their Commander may be a Man of Honesty, Humanity, Affability, and, to sum up all his good Qualities in his illustrious Name, let Murray be the Man. And, when it shall please thee to put an End to this tedious War, may such of us as shall remain alive, have the Happiness of returning back with Honour to our Native Country, there to forget our past Toils and Dangers, and wear out the Residue of our Days, in the pleasing Conversation of our Families, our Kindred, and our Friends. And, finally, may we at last exchange this troublesome Life, for a State in which we shall remain for ever undisturbed by the Treachery, the Ambition, the Folly, and Madness, of wicked and distracted Emperors, Kings, or Princes. Amen.

N. B. This last Paragraph is only for the Highland Regiment.



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